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ed as that commerce had ever been. Sarcastic and discerning, it was not easy to deceive him; yet in a few instances, he was deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own.

"For neither man nor angel can discern Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks Invisible, except to God alone."

About eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this singular being became, in its meridian, a victim to one of his uncommon systems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generosity and sensibility of horses; and that whenever they were disobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill-usage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal; when it was time it should become serviceable, disdaining to employ a horse-breaker, he would use it to the bit and burthen himself. He was not a good horseman. The

animal disliking his new situation, heeded not the soothing voice to which he had been accustomed: he plunged, threw his master, and then, with his heels, struck him on the head, an *instantly* fatal blow. Thus he died a victim to his enthusiastic ideas of humanity, in his 42d year. It was said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and she only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted, for his loss. Mrs. Bicknel's name was not mentioned in Mr. Day's will, but Mrs. Day continued the allowance he had made her, and bequeathed its continuance from her own fortune, during Mrs. Bicknel's life.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

EMPLOYMENT OF A WOMAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Olivier's Travels.

"TO please her husband, to detain him in the harem as long as his affairs permit, to take care of her children, to occupy herself with her dress, and very little with her family, to pray at the hours prescribed by religion, and to pass a part of the day without doing any thing, another in smoking, drinking coffee, receiving female friends, relations, or women under her protection; such are the duties and pleasures of a Turkish woman. She seldom can read, and scarcely ever write; she has learnt to sew and embroider, prepare confits and dainties, and make sherbet; but she

finds it more pleasant to do nothing, to remain quiet on her sofa, and roll between her fingers a chaplet of coral or agate. She considers it as a delightful employment to hold, from time to time, a dish of coffee in one hand, a pipe in the other, and to carry them alternately to her mouth, at the same time inhaling the vapour of the one, and retaining as long as possible that of the other; what afterwards gratifies her the most, is to have it in her power to display to the eyes of the women whom she receives, some rich trinkets, and a robe of great value.

"A mussulman is very poor if he have not several slaves to wait on his wife, and the latter is very unskillful if she do not soon convert in-

to dresses and trinkets the greatest part of the husband's fortune."

We are often surprized at the relations of travellers, while conduct almost entirely similar passes unobserved among ourselves.

Might not an attentive observer, who joined a turn for sarcasm, with acute observation, find at home some who wasted their time in the apparent employment, but real idleness, of embroidery and ornamental needle work, who if they read, deal only in novels and *light* reading, and carry a large portion of their husband's property to public places in jewels, or waste it at card tables? Turkish women are not the only triflers.

WORLDLY PRUDENCE OF ARCHBISHOP USHER.

Many great characters have striking blemishes. Cranmer recanted through fear, and if the following account can be implicitly relied on, Usher suppressed his real sentiments, through the temporizing motives of worldly prudence:

"Mr. Bernard, of Batcombe, Somerset, was a presbyterian divine of some note. He is said by Ludlow, [Svo. i. 104.] to have been an acquaintance of Archbishop Usher's, and that when the said Mr. B. earnestly pressed him "to deal faithfully with the king, in the controversy which was between him and the parliament concerning episcopacy, according to his own judgment in that manner, which he knew to be against it, representing to him the great and important service he would thereby do to the church of God." The archbishop answered, that if he should do as Mr. B. proposed, he should ruin himself and family, having a child and many debts. Of this story, Ludlow was assured by one who had his information from Mr. Bernard himself. Ludlow's application of the anecdote

reads a very serious lecture to all such *mala fide* churchmen, who, if the allusion were not too *homely*, might be compared to boatmen looking one way, and rowing another. Ludlow was a brave soldier, and an honest man, even in the judgment of his enemies. The royalists desired his political conversion, and hoped that a conference with Archbishop Usher might effect it. The conference was declined by Ludlow. "For this reason," says he, "because those arguments which could not prevail with me, when used by others, were not likely to be of more efficacy from him, who, in a business of such concernment, had been diverted from the discharge of his duty, by such low and sordid considerations."

MAN DIFFERS FROM HIMSELF AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF HIS LIFE.

Thomas More in his *Utopia* wrote well and liberally. He declared himself freely and fully against putting thieves to death. Yet this same man suffered himself to be influenced by bigotry, and a spirit of persecution. "But he was a notable tyrant," said old Luther, indignantly, and justly. "He was one of the bitterest enemies," says Burnet, "of the new preachers, not without great cruelty when he came into power, though he was otherwise a very good-natured man;" and though in the opinion of Dr. Jortin "he had once been free from that bigotry which grew upon him afterwards in life." Yes, the philosophy, the sagacity, the piety, the benevolence of More, did not preserve him from the reigning prejudices of his day against the crime of heresy; and they who will consult Mr. Lyson's excellent work on the environs of London, will be led to many serious reflections upon human infirmity, when they read the wanton cruelties which in More's presence, or even by his

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own hand, were exercised against heretics, at a tree which he employed for this very purpose in his garden at Hammersmith. For his holy but barbarous zeal, he could easily find pretexts arising from the perversions of the reasoning power, and the prevalence of self-deception over the human mind.

[See *Dr. Parr on Punishments.*]

GRAMMATICAL DISTINCTIONS PREFERRED TO POLITICS.

It is related of Dangeau, that he was such an enthusiast in the study of Grammar, on which subject he composed several treatises, that once being told some interesting political news, he replied, between jest and earnest, "Happen what will, I have in my port folio, two thousand French verbs, well conjugated."

PRONENESS TO SUPERSTITION.

Mons. de Fontenelle, a writer justly celebrated for his admirable parts and learning, speaking of the origin and progress of popular superstitions, says, "Give me but half a dozen persons, whom I can persuade, that it is not the sun which makes our day light, and I should not despair of drawing whole nations to embrace the same belief. For how ridiculous soever the opinion be, let it be supported only for a certain time, and the business is done; for when it once becomes ancient, it is sufficiently proved."

What would Fontenelle have said to the following note in the sermon of the venerable and learned Bishop Jewel, preached before Queen Elizabeth? "It may please your Grace to understand, that this kind of people, I mean witches, and sorcerers, within these few years are marvellously increased, within your Grace's realm. These eyes have seen most manifest marks of their wickedness.

"Your Grace's subjects pine away,

even unto death; heir colour fadeth; their flesh rotterh; their speech is benumbed; their senses bereft. Wherefore your poor subject's humble petition to your Highness is, that the laws touching such malefactors, may be put in due execution. For the shoal of them is great, their doings horrible, their malice intolerable, their examples most miserable: and I pray God they never practice farther than upon the subject."

GEOGRAPHY TAUGHT IN HALF AN HOUR.

No part of education, excepting that of natural philosophy, is more important in the point of instruction, than geography. They sometimes ask me, when should we begin it. I have given my answer, in a little almanack, the first lesson of a course of geography. Complains as you will of abridgments, they are necessary. This is the reason I begin with the shortest of all abridgments—The whole of geography taught in half an hour.

I take a globe of the earth, and I say to my pupil, Let us make the tour of the world with General Bougainville, or Captain Cook. Let us set sail from Brest. We will shortly on our voyage meet with Madeira, a place famous for its wines. Then we will gain the coasts of South America, which furnishes gold, and silver, and chocolate, and Peruvian-bark. And then we will take a peep at the great Patagonians. We then enter into a great sea of 2000 leagues in extent. There we will find Robinson Crusoe's Island, Otaheite, New-Zealand, where Captain Martin was devoured by the Savages, with all his officers. Beyond this, the Moluccas, where they get the mercede. China, which furnishes us with porcelain. India, which gives muslin, canella, pearls and diamonds. We will return by the coast of Africa, from whence we

draw the Negroes. And we return to Brest the end of our three years voyage, of which the child gets an idea in half an hour, and an idea associated with the most remarkable things, and the most known, on which

the master should amplify, so as to excite a lively curiosity and interest in geography, and a disposition to detail that we must bring forward by a slow gradation — *De La Lande*.

POETRY.

1797.

JUVENAL,

Part of 8th Satire—imitated.

SAY ye who perch on lofty pedigree,
What fruit is gather'd from the parchment
tree?
Broad as it spreads, and tow'ring to the
skies,
From root plebeian, its first glories rise;
What then avails, when rightly understood,
The boast of ancestry, the pride of blood?
Through the long galleries pictur'd walk to
tread,
And, pompous, ponder on the mighty dead,
Where greatness rattles in some rotten
frame,
And the moth feeds on beauty's fading
flame,
O'er the pale portrait, and the noseless bust,
Oblivion strews a soft, sepulchral dust;
The line illustrious seems to stain the wall,
And one sublime of soot envelopes all.
What could the trophy'd lie to Howe atone
For British honour mortgag'd with his
own?
His nightly cares and watchings to sustain
A bank at Pharo, and a chess-campaign?
While Wolfe, on high, in pictur'd glory, lies,
The cry of vict'ry hails, and, smiling, dies.
Dare Courtenay claim the honours of his
kind?
The pompous lineage shames the pigmy
mind.
His coat armorial chalk'd upon the floor,
Costs what would satiate a thousand poor.
Well-pleas'd the peer one moment to amuse,
Then yields the pageant to the dancer's
shoes.
Base-born such men, tho' fill'd with regal
blood,
The truly noble are the truly good;
And he whose morals thro' his manners
shine,

May boast himself of the Milesian line,
Let plain humility precede his grace,
Let modest merit walk before the mace:
Office and rank are duties of the mind,
The rights they claim, are debts they owe
mankind;

And not a voice among the nameless croud,
That may not cry—'Tis I who make them
proud.

To rule strong passions with a calm con-
troul,
To spread around a sanctity of soul,
That meets, serene, the foam of public
strife,
And perfumes every act of lesser life,
Virtue to feel, and virtue to impart,
That household God which consecrates the
heart,
Flies from the fretted roof, the gilded
dome
To rest within an humbler, happier home;
Behold the GENTLEMAN—confess'd and
clear,
For nature's patent never made a peer,
The mean ennobled, nor adorn'd the base;
Merit alone, with her, creates a race.

Conspicuous stars, in chart of his'try
plac'd,
To cheer the dreary, biographic waste,
In their own right, they take their seats
sublime,
And break illustrious through the cloud of
time.

From nicknam'd curs these titles first
began,
A Spaniel, Cato—then my Lord, a Man.
The self-same irony was fram'd to suit
The fawning biped, and the fawning brute;
While Pompey snores upon my Lady's lap,
The infant Lordling feeds, or starves on
pap.
Puppies well-bred, are Caesar'd into fame,
And Tommy Townsend takes great Sid-
ney's name,